SEX CRIMINALS
FRACTION ZDARSKY
21: SPACES
image

PREVIOUSLY IN SEX CRIMINALS

JON & SUZIE BROKE UP SO NOW IT'S LIKE SIX MONTHS LATER?

MATT FRACTION
CHIP ZDARSKY

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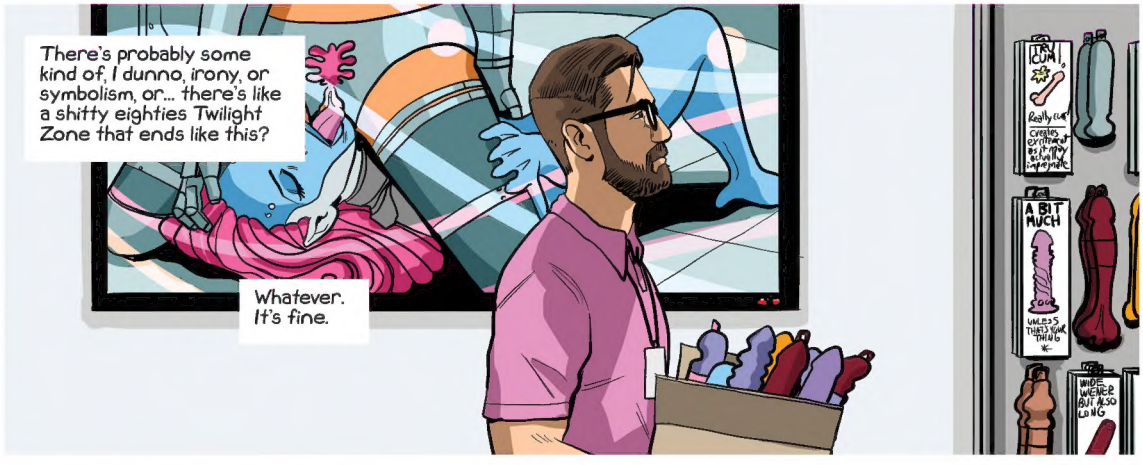
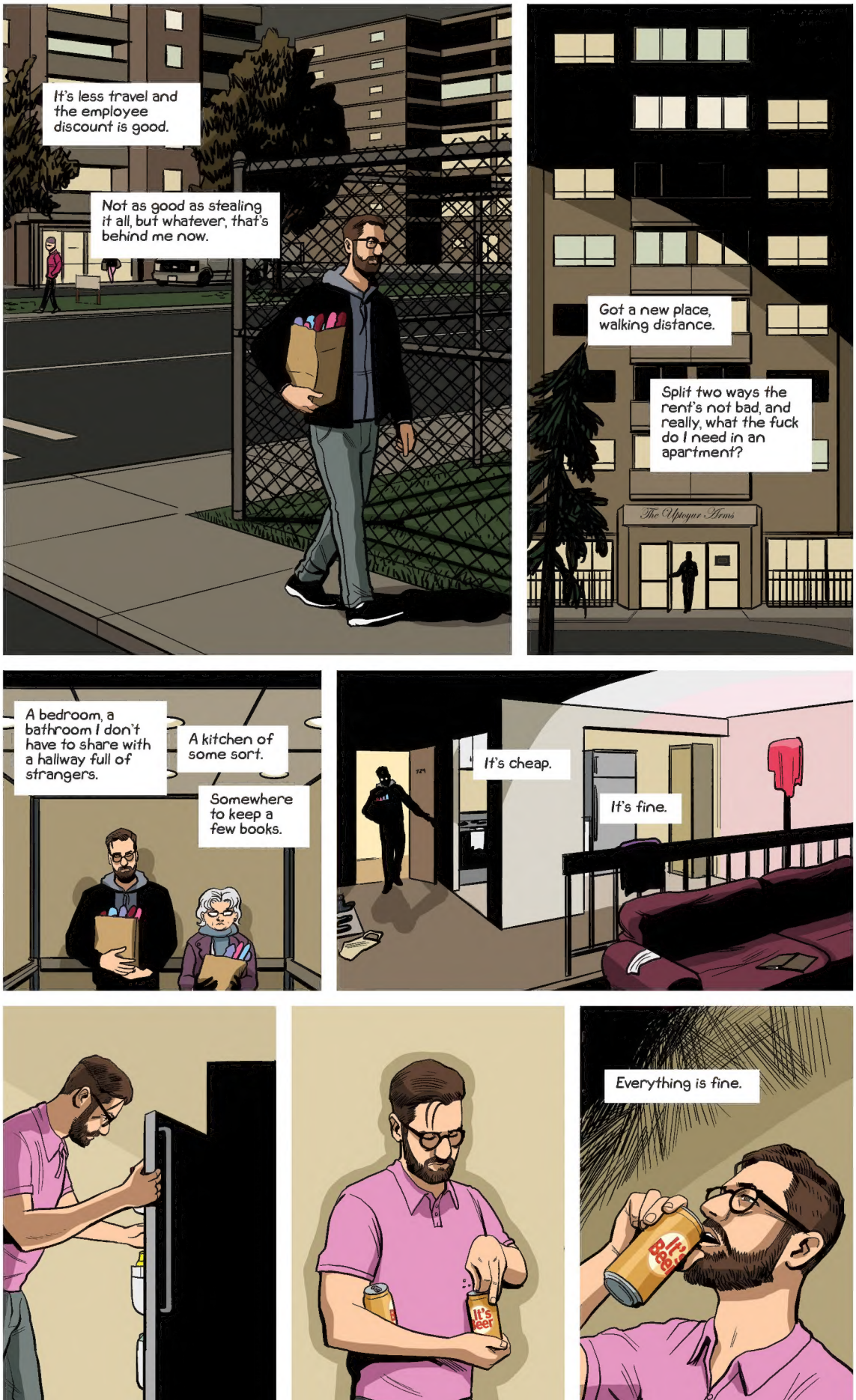
This book is dedicated to the memory of Jon & Suzie's relationship

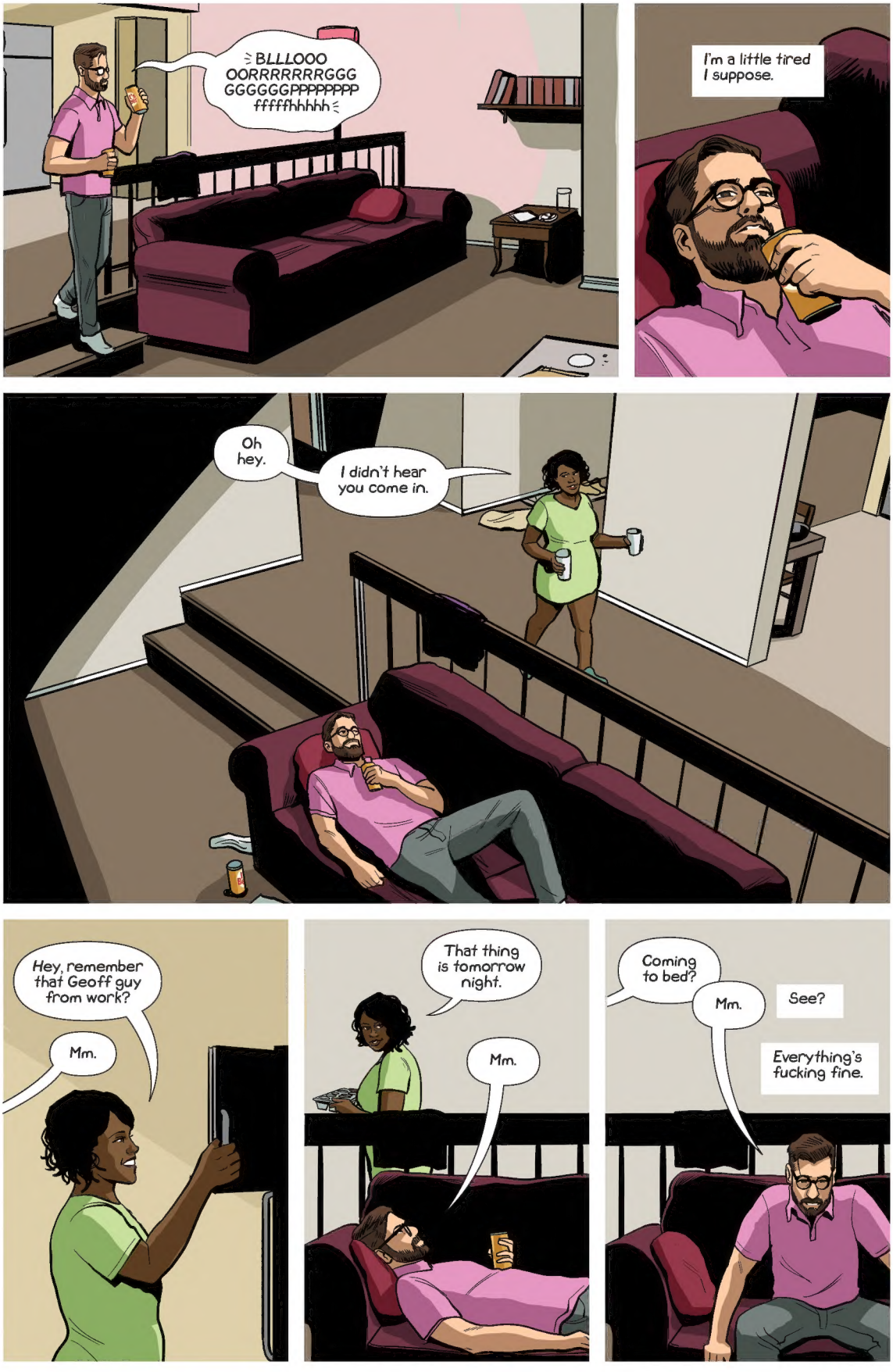
I'm in Cumworld all the time now.

JON:


There's probably some kind of, I dunno, irony, or symbolism, or... there's like a shitty eighties Twilight Zone that ends like this?
Whatever. It's fine.
TRY ICUM
A BIT MUCH
WIDE WIENER BUT ALSO LONG

CumWorld
Fuck different.
MetricDick | StandardHard
Everything is fine.

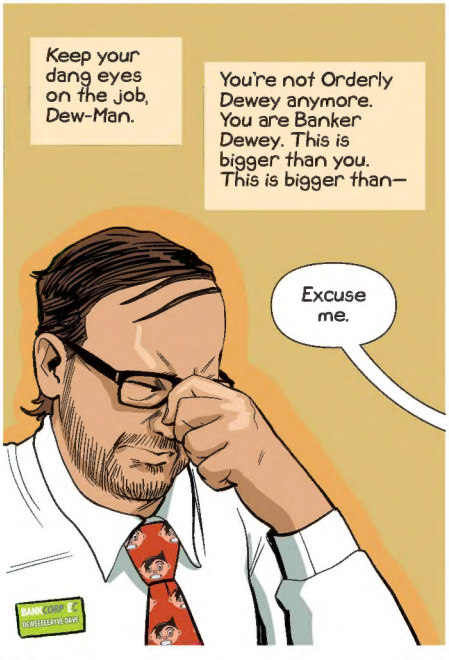

It's less travel and the employee discount is good.
Not as good as stealing it all, but whatever, that's behind me now.
Got a new place, walking distance.
Split two ways the rent's not bad, and really, what the fuck do I need in an apartment?
The Uptoyur Arms
A bedroom, a bathroom I don't have to share with a hallway full of strangers.
A kitchen of some sort.
Somewhere to keep a few books.
It's cheap.
It's fine.
Everything is fine.


BLLLOOO OORRRRRRRGGG GGGGGGPPPPPPPP fffffhhhhh
I'm a little tired I suppose.
Oh hey.
I didn't hear you come in.
Hey, remember that Geoff guy from work?
Mm.
That thing is tomorrow night.
Mm.
Coming to bed?
Mm.
See?
Everything's fucking fine.

How am I?

DEWEY:

I am so dang deep undercover, sometimes I can't tell where I stop and the job begins.
There you go, ma'am. Have a *great* day.


Keep your dang eyes on the job, Dew-Man.
You're not Orderly Dewey anymore. You are Banker Dewey. This is bigger than you. This is bigger than—
Excuse me.

I'd like to make a deposit.

Yes, ma'am.
Of course. Welcome to BankCorp I'll be happy to assist you.
This is *big*, and you're in too deep to get out now.
You're *grumped* if you do and *grumped* if you don't.

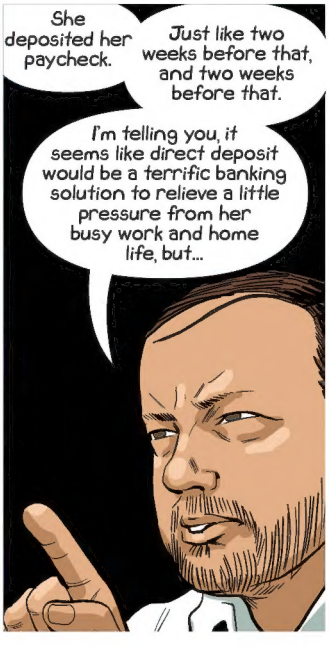
FOODGAZI
drink it.
FOODGAZI
OPEN 24 HOURS
7 DAYS A WEEK
Holy cats you guys.

Holy cats. Holy cats.
Thank you.

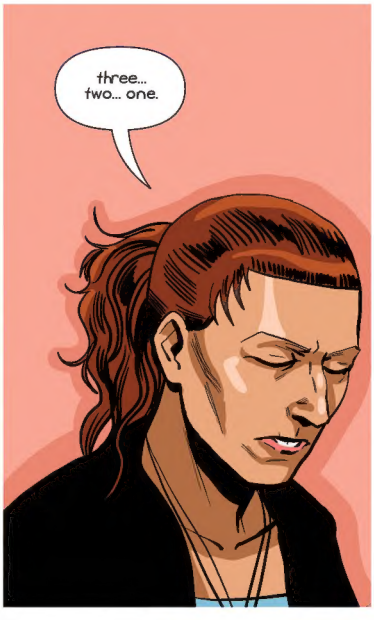
gdook
gdook
gdook
gdook
gdook
gdook

AHHHH hhhhh.
Thanks you guys.

...Well?
You guys. You guys.
I saw her today you guys.
Yeah?


She deposited her paycheck.
Just like two weeks before that, and two weeks before that.
I'm telling you, it seems like direct deposit would be a terrific banking solution to relieve a little pressure from her busy work and home life, but...

~~KEGELFACE~~ MYRTLE SPURGE:



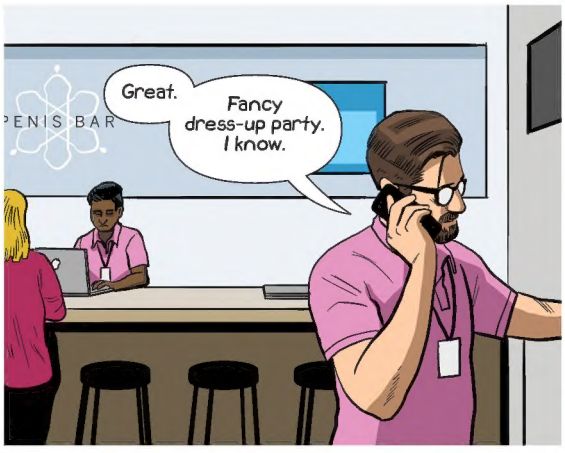
FOOD
breakfast /dinner cereal $4.99
Hi.
...Hi.

How—

I, uh.
My—I gotta—

Look, they have wide wieners at the grocery store now! How great is that?
...Great is that...

You're still in my head, too.
Good.


Great.
Fancy dress-up party. I know.

Fancy dress party, Jon.
That's what I said, Pol.
It's—

Hey, I had a nice time.
Yeah, me too, let's do this again sometime.
Oh, totally.

Who's that.
That Becky girl?
Aw, she was cute.
You should see her naked.
Maybe next time.

Seven-thirty, fancy dress, and please don't be late, these are all work people from the gallery and they—
—I don't know, they value this fucking social after-hours yuppie shit in a way I don't get.

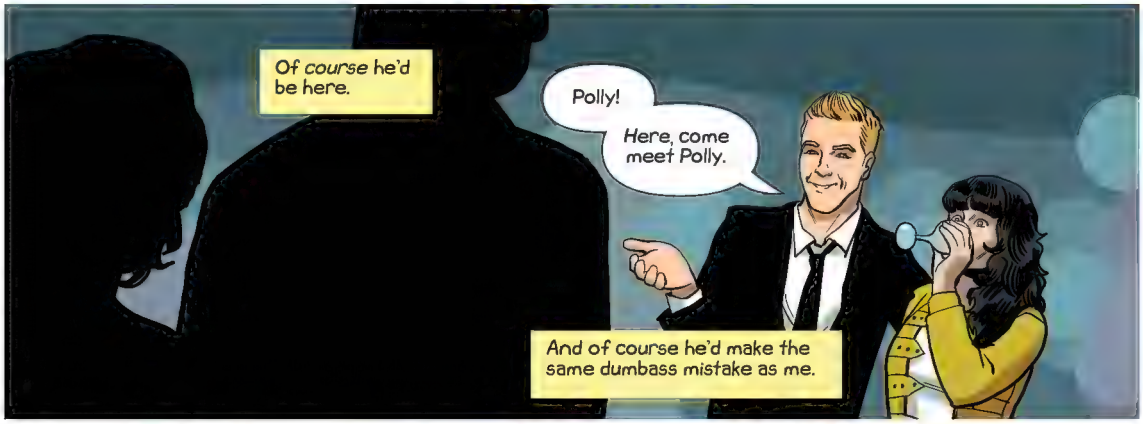
40 oz
40 oz
Ha ha—okay— I promise I won't even spill a drink on myself and shit my pants before the bruschetta is served.
You're gonna be the only person there I like.
And I'll be all fancy dressed-up.

Fuck me in my *stupid* sexy mustache.
Fancy *dress*.
Oh holy shit, they're all expecting to meet you.
Fancy *dress-up*.
There's a difference?
It's Halloween why would they say, "fancy dress" for a dinner party on fucking Halloween?
Because... they're... adults?
At least you're not alone.
Hey everybody!
This is my... well, this is my...
This is Jon, everyone. And he, too, doesn't know the difference between "Fancy Dress" and "Fancy Dress-Up."

Everything is fine.
Really.
Fuck.

It's funny: it can always get worse.

SUZANNE:


Of *course* he'd be here.
Polly!
Here, come meet Polly.
And of course he'd make the same dumbass mistake as me.

Oh that's funny, you two did the same thing but, like, same-same. I love "Sgt. Popper's Bonely Hearts Chub Band."
Freddie Mercury.
Who?
Queen.
Ha! Just "Geoff." Mr. Queen was my *father*.
wow, really?
Polly is my assistant at the museum.
TERROR

Oh, hey, Geoff, Suzanne was telling me about the new exhibit launch...?
"Suzanne"?
Looks like someone needs to be topped off. Uh. As it were.
You said it.

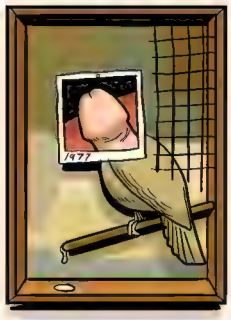
I'm fine.
Really?
Yep.
Ehh.

It's a small town, y'know? We were gonna see each other sooner or later.
Do I wish it happened when we weren't both dressed like jackasses? Sure, but at the same time—
—Like, one day this will be really funny.
Oh, it's really funny right now.

Look, it's a breakup, breakups happen, we can be, y'know.
It's not like we can't be civil and polite, it's just—
Y'know, it's just awkward the first time.
Try not to think of how wildly inadequate your sex life with Professor Dicktweed is by comparison, okay?
CRAZY LIKE A BOX

Now let's get art-gallery drunk on some astronaut wine.

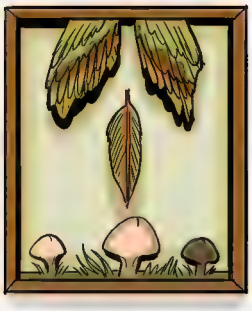
The wine helps, but really, come on, like, what's gonna happen?
We were a thing once, now we're not, whatever.
CRAZY LIKE A FOX
It's fine.
The thing no one gets about art is—
Wait wait w wait not yet YET WAIT-
nnNGNGGGGGO OOOOOOOOOO OOOOOO
And look, maybe Geoff's not Mister Excitement or Mister...
—well he's not Mister Let's-Rob-A-Goddamn-Bank, either.



Of course the REAL issue is, what is art, and who makes it, and who decides that art is acceptable? Pornell had no formal training and ved his entire life in the home he and is brother were born in, taking care of them both the majority of that time, and became self-taught while working menial night jobs.

Even the boxes — it took a neighbor with a woodshop to teach Pornell the basics of construction and the like. Even then the wood he used was inexpensive, the techniques adequate but never terribly concerned with craft. For him the boxes merely acted as vessels, as forms for the treasures within.

Why NOT me, Pornell asked. Why NOT these trinkets from the drug store, the toy store, why not this refuse from middle class America? In fact it was this sensibility that brought him into the orbit of Doucheamp, and the two had a friendship that spanned decades, the older Doucheamp acting as a kind of MENTOR figure to Pornell



But what if he was just another asshole that liked putting pretty things in boxes?
Joseph Pornel
A Bird in The Handjob
Hmm?
He isn't Mister Anything, I suppose.
And that's fine.
He's not, like, the one. Fine, okay.
But he's older. Mature. More responsible.
He's got a job. He's got a house.
And sure, the sex is meh. But the truth is...
Well.
I guess I'm not really feeling like myself these days.
To be honest, it's everything I can do to get away from sex.
Hey, mom, I don't—

Baby! Come join our circle of juicy crones.
We're exploring our deltas of Venus!
Lube
Laugh

Our vaginas!

"So I moved back in with my mom.
"Why?

"She cleaned up after Dad died, and once I went to school, moved to the next town over.
"New house, new life, new chapter, I thought.
"She bought a house so much like the old one it's weird.
"And then she recreated my old room, her old room. Same stuff in a new place.
"Even Dad's 'study,' as we used to call it.
"Same books, same furniture, same shitty old computer.
"She built a museum of the way our lives used to be.
This Kitty
"And now I moved into it with her.
"It's like -- she's clean, which is great, but she's crazy, which... isn't.
"Everything is always about her womanly powers and feminine energies.
"She's getting more action than me these days.
"It's like living with a big sister that can't wait to teach me about being a woman instead of living with a mom.
"Seriously. She sucks more dick than the pre-All-Star-break 2017 Chicago Cubs."

I don't know. Y'know how Erica Jong wrote about wanting a "zipless fuck"?
It's like I've gone from a zipless fuck to a fuckless zip, and I moved in with a horny teenager with a credit card.
I don't know. It's—
It's fine. I'm fine.
Suzanne, you know that...
You know I'm not this kind of doctor, right?
Oh no, I know.
But I figured, y'know. If I'm going to be house-sitting for you for the weekend, you should know.
Y'know.
What's up.
Yeah, look, just don't let my cat die, okay? Get the mail, don't let the cat die.
That's really all I need from you for this thing.
Abnormal is 34 years old and doesn't get around all that well anymore.
blaaiiiirrb

Oh, sure.
I can probably handle that, sure.
Hey. Almost ready.
Great great. Those apples aren't gonna pick themselves!
Oh, hi Suze.
Hey... Dan?
Close enough.
How's things?
Fine.
Everything's fine.
You know I can't tell you anything about Jon, right?
That's fine.
Do *not* kill my fucking cat, I swear to god.

ssssigh.
Oh god.
Everything is so totally fucked.

LETTER DADDIES

SEND YOUR THOUGHTS, SEXUAL QUESTIONS, AND TAINT DOODLES TO *EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM*.
YOUR TYPOS/SHAME ARE YOUR OWN AND WILL BE RUN AS RECEIVED.
ALL ASSUMED OK TO PRINT UNLESS STATED OTHERWISE.

HELLO YOU FUCKING MONSTERS HELLO HELLO

WELL, WE ARE BACK. AND SHIT SHOOOOOOOOOR IS DIFFER'NT NOW, HUH? THIS ARC. OHH, THIS ARC. SOME FUN FACTS:

1) I TRIED TO CONVINCE CHIP THAT WE NEEDED TO MAKE EACH OF THESE ISSUES A KIND OF FLIP BOOK; HALF JON, THEN HALF SUZE, WITH THE LETTERS IN THE MIDDLE. I EVEN MADE A LITTLE MOCKUP. THEN I TRIED THINKING ABOUT IT FOR TWO MINUTES AND MY NOSE STARTED TO BLEED. I THINK CHIP BY THIS POINT IN OUR "HE-LATIONSHIP" RECOGNIZES A CERTAIN TONE IN MY VOICE AND REALIZES HE DOESN'T REALLY NEED TO PAY ANY ATTENTION BECAUSE IT'LL NEVER GO ANYWHERE. BUT GODDAMN DO I GET EXCITED FOR A HALF-SECOND.

2) I OUTLINED THE WHOLE OF THESE ISSUES, AND WROTE THE ROUGHS, WITH A BLUE COLORED PENCIL AND AN ORANGE COLORED PENCIL. THERE ARE MATHEMATICS INVOLVED? I DON'T KNOW. METHOD WRITING.

3) I AM SO BAD AT IT, I THOUGHT YOU SPELLED IT "MATHMATICS" WITHOUT THE "E" THERE IN THE MIDDLE.

4) THERE ARE THINGS IN THIS ARC (TASTEFULLY TITLED "FIVE-FINGERED DISCOUNT") I HAVE BEEN WAITING TO WRITE ALMOST SINCE DAY ONE.

5) I WOULD WRITE "UNDERCOVER DEWEY" LITERALLY FOREVER.

6) I HAVE NEVER LAUGHED HARDER AT CHIP'S ART THAN THE PAGE OF SUZE'S MOM EXPLAINING WHAT HER "DELTA OF VENUS" MEANS.

7) WHO CARES WHAT I HAVE TO SAY, LET'S GET TO YOUR GODDAMN LETTERS:

Every idea my beautiful Matt has is a perfect jewel, and I absolutely treasure it until he has a better one. -CZ

•

Chip Zdarsky got me laid.

(Chip already knows this story. Or, at least the first half of it. And I'd like him to hear the second half, too.)

I had Chip sign a copy of "Just the Tips" for me at Wondercon, and he inscribed it with "Sex Tip: Do it!!!!!!" That very night, out of sheer coincidence, a lady friend started flirting with me and I didn't know exactly how to respond. It was my first time, and I was so nervous that I was actually on the fence about it... until I saw my copy of "Just the Tips" lying open on Chip's inscription. I figured it was a sign from the universe, and took Chip's advice. And returned to his booth to get a high-five the next day.

Here's the part I didn't tell Chip, and took a couple days to even admit to myself: I hated the experience. All of it. The flirting, the foreplay, the act itself... all of it was just sticky and awkward and smelled weird, and I never really felt like I was enjoying myself, just going through the motions because I knew I was supposed to. But, hey, a lot of guys' first times are bad, so I tried again. And again. I tried different positions and locations, but It wasn't getting any better. Sex itself just wasn't something I wanted to keep doing.

So I guess what I'm saying is, thank you for doing the "asexual" story in Issue 13. It was my favorite issue even before all of this happened, and... it helped me figure some stuff out about myself. (And I'm happy to report that said lady friend was super supportive when I came out to her. She's polyamorous, so having one member of her dude-harem who just wants to watch movies and cuddle is fine by her.)

Brendan M

WHOA, TWIST ENDING! LOVE THAT YOUR LADY FRIEND WAS SUPER-SUPPORTIVE.

I'm good for two things in life:

-Getting you hella laid.

-Helping you realize you don't want to get hella laid.

I am always here for you. -CZ

•

After binge watching the great British baking show on netflix I decided to try to make a Swiss roll. I turned out no so pretty and I told my friends "In a vain attempt at optimism I am going to call this a successful Swiss lurnge instead of a failed Swiss roll." Lurnge being a verb we invented to describe our particular style of drunken laziness/ dance moves.

As soon as I said it two things occurred to me. "A vain attempt at optimism" would make a perfect name for my autobiography if I ever become interesting enough to warrant one, and that it sounds exactly like something Jon would say. Given Jons particular disposition and the dual meaning of the word vain I thought it would be a lovely little shout out to a fan if you could work that in in some future issue, but I am sure you guys are tired of fan ideas so fuck me right?

Hot dog Mike

I LITERALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT ANY OF THOSE WORDS MEAN IN THE

SEX TIP *Objectify your partner by putting a price tag around his dick and then marking it down drastically as "damaged" and "nobody wants this."*

ORDER YOU WROTE THEM, AND I'VE READ THIS LETTER LIKE EIGHT TIMES.

Oh chum you're such a lurnger lol. -CZ

•

WAIT A SECOND WHEN DR. ANA KINCAID WAS AT THE PORNO CONVENTION AND SHE ASKED THAT DUDE WHETHER HE SPELLS HIS NAME WITH A "G" OR A "J," WAS SHE TALKING TO GERRY?! LIKE, APPEARS-IN-MULTIPLE-SEX-TIPS-AS-AN-EXAMPLE-OF-WHAT-NOT-TO-DO GERRY?!

Yoni R.

DEAR READERS, YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT, IN THE OL' EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS MAILBAG, YONI HERE HAD SENT IN TWO MESSAGES, ONE RIGHT AFTER THE OTHER. THIS IS THE SECOND. I WAS GONNA ANSWER THE FIRST LETTER – WHICH WAS THOUGHTFUL AND INSIGHTFUL AND HAD A SWOONING SORT OF HUMAN ACHE TO IT, MAYBE VERY MUCH IN LINE WITH WHAT OUR LITTLE DICKJOKE PARTY HERE CAN FEEL LIKE, BUT THEN THIS WAS SENT ALMOST IMMEDIATELY AFTER, AND IT'S JUST SO STUPID AND YONI WAS SO EXCITED IT WAS IN ALL CAPS AND IT'S JUST THE FUNNIEST GODDAMN THING, SO FUCK THAT FIRST LETTER LET'S GO FOR THE LAUGHS.

ALSO YES.

ALSO THAT CHARACTER IS NAMED "GERRY DUGGAN."

Um, actually chum his name is "Gerry Dujjan." -CZ

•

I am finally over the breakup with that One Special Person I thought I was gonna spend the rest of my life with - but - maybe it's because there's a Pirates of the Caribbean movie in theatres right now, but I am called upon to remember, one day two or three summers ago, when we were lying on my couch and things were not going particularly well in general but we were stretching out a Sunday morning before she had to go, by watching Pirates of the Caribbean 2: Dead Man's Chest. And for absolutely no good reason she gave me an incredible handy, like truly top-tier jerking off, which makes the sloppy second act of that movie just fly by btw, and now whenever I think about her, that movie, or rum I get a stupid little half-happy half-sad smile on my face. So, there's that.

Matt B.

AT LEAST SOMEONE ENJOYED THAT GODDAMN MOVIE.

Is your peener's nickname "Sparrow?"

I'll give everyone a moment to get that and unblock Kieron Gillen on Twitter and block me. -CZ

•

How do you make the first time you have sex good for all parties?

Garner

I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S EVEN POSSIBLE? IT SEEMS LIKE EVEN IF YOU'RE HAVING SEX FOR THE TEN-THOUSANDTH TIME, THERE'S STILL NO GUARANTEE ALL PARTIES WILL COME AWAY DESCRIBING IT AS "GOOD."

COMMUNICATE. BE PRESENT WITH THE PERSON YOU'RE WITH, IN THE MOMENT YOU'RE BOTH SHARING (UGH LAME), CLEARING ANY PRECONCEPTION OR EXPECTATION FROM YOUR MIND. THIS IS NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE. THINK OF IT INSTEAD MAYBE AS SOMETHING EXPERIENTIAL RATHER THAN AN OBJECTIVE-BASED ACT. THIS IS A THING YOU ARE DOING TOGETHER, RATHER THAN A THING YOU ARE DOING TO ONE ANOTHER.

AND DON'T PLAY MORRISSEY, JESUS CHRIST, NOBODY WANTS TO FUCK TO MORRISSEY.

The first time I had sex I did absolutely everything right and I was amazing at it for the entire minute nbd -CZ

•

Most of the things my best friend and I found in the woods behind my Grandma's house in New Jersey were worthless woods drugs, but once we found a magazine that I still insist was designed to be stored in the woods. It was called FIT TO BE FUCKED, and even the cover had a naked lady. It was printed on the best paper stock imaginable, so that it was only slightly wrinkled by the elements. As I remember it, the paper was glossy to the point where it might have been laminated. We could have pored over every page for the remainder of our childhood, but I guess we were behaving like prepubescent boys who had found a magazine with a naughty word in the title, because my grandma found that shit in like half an hour. She made us watch as she took it out to the garbage can and set it on fire. But since it was made of miracle paper, it took like 20 minutes to catch, so we actually got to see more of the naked lady on the cover during the punishment than we did while we had the magazine in our possession.

SEX TIP *Watching each other masturbate can be a real turn-on for both of you and also the rest of the people in the Radio Shack.*

I've never been able to track down a copy of FTBF, or even confirm that such a magazine existed. If I didn't have my friend's testimony to back me up, I'd assume it was a chimera summoned by Woods Porn Faeries.

Jeff D.

WAIT, IT WAS A MAGAZINE? LIKE AN ONGOING MONTHLY CONCERN? THERE WAS ENOUGH MATERIAL EVERY MONTH ABOUT THINGS FIT TO BE FUCKED TO OCCUPY AN ENTIRE SMYTH-BOUND MAGAZINE? WAS IT MAYBE *FIT TO BE FUCKED QUARTERLY*? LIKE *LAPHAM'S,* ONLY ABOUT THINGS FIT TO BE FUCKED?

I AM REALLY IN THE TALL GRASS ON THE MICROSPECIFICITY OF THE PORN YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S STRANGE PUNISHMENT EROTICALLY BOUND TO YOUR YOUNG PSYCHE, ALONG WITH OF COURSE FIRE.

WHEN YOU SEE BARNS BURNING DO YOU POP HALF A STALK? ASKING FOR A FRIEND.

Are you sure it wasn't the '80s aerobics magazine that was all the rage, FUCK TO BE FIT? -CZ

•

Can I be the first letter soliciting a mixtape download?

jayisaletter.bandcamp.com

Print this and I will record a rendition of the Wide Wieners song (which I may or may not already be doing....) !!

[Numerous fire emojis go here + an eggplant and that one weird drooly one]

J. De Hoyos

I PLAYED THE WIDE WIENER DEMO ON A PANEL THIS SUMMER, AND NO ONE WILL EVER HEAR IT AGAIN.

ONE OF THE IDEAS I WAS EXCITED ABOUT FOR LIKE TWO MINUTES BEFORE GIVING MYSELF A NOSEBLEED WAS TRYING TO DO A FLEXI-DISC RECORDING TO INSERT IN THIS ISSUE, BUT IT ENDED UP COSTING LIKE SAGA-MONEY, SO MY NOSE STARTED BLEEDING. ANYWAY.

ERIC EVEN YELLED AT US ABOUT HOW EXPENSIVE IT WAS GOING TO BE, AND WE WERE LIKE BUT IT'S OUR MONEY THE FUCK DO YOU CARE, AND THEN MY KIDS WERE LIKE WAAA FEED ME AND I REALIZED OH, OH SHIT, I ACTUALLY HAVE TO CARE ABOUT THIS SORT OF THING SOMETIMES, OOPS

Chum, bandcamps are free. -CZ

•

I was in a relationship that was totally.... meh, from start to finish. And after a series of awful Tinder dates (I swear to Santa, one of them was actually named Thor, and he had one helluva hammer that was fabulous on the odd occasion when it was hard, but that's an entirely different story) a year later, something amazing happened. My good friend and I got closer. He was the one who introduced me to the previous relationship. He also had just started borrowing issues of SC from me one at a time.

This segued into discussing sex, in all its forms. We talked woods porn (him, not me. Didn't realize others were in the club), first orgasm, first partners, everything. I talked about my lack of experience in a lot of areas, how many of my partners had been total duds, how all I craved was a fuck-buddy who would show me that good-good. One night in December, something shifted in our relationship; we were talking every day, a constant flow of words was building between us. We decided to try something out. I came to work one day and at my desk was a wheel of brie and some fig jam, and a plan for a "picnic." I was more nervous than I ever had been before. This was someone who mattered to me, this was someone I had been dreaming about for months.

P sure I tried to stick my tongue down his throat, and then I was too nervous to initiate anything, so I've completely blacked that out from my memory. Fast forward to when I was giving him head and I dry heaved on his dick, then threw up all over him. FF again to the week where we had sex eight times in one week (a few very long "lunches" in a parking lot were clutch). FF yet again to Tuesday, when we shifted positions, and the movement caused the biggest, loudest queef I have ever made to exit my body like a fucking demon; motherfucker thought I had a whoopee cushion under my covers (we finished anyway, undeterred).

All this to say, this guy is my fucking soulmate (and also my fucking soulmate, amiright?) and I have never been more in love with anyone in my entire life. It's totally terrifying, but I can't imagine anyone else I'd want to spend the rest of my life with, making fun of bodily noises with. It sucks that he's 20.5 years older than me, but he gives dick for dayyyyysssss, so who cares?

Kelly M.

ONE TIME ON AN AIRPLANE, A MAN THREW UP ON ME WHILE HE WALKED DOWN THE AISLE

SEX TIP *Make your own sex movie with your partner, but also hire a computer animator to turn your partner into a muscular whale because that's what you like now.*

PAST MY SEAT, THAT WAS KIND OF LIKE YOUR STORY I GUESS?

I puke every time I have sex in what I like to call a "cleansing ritual." -CZ

•

I grew up in rural North Carolina, on the western side of the Piedmont area that runs through the state. Lots of trees, creeks and - as I discovered growing up - mines; gold mines to be specific. One afternoon, when I was probably around 10 or 11 years old, I was following a trail, deep into the woods, running along a nearby creek with a friend when we came across a shed. It had obviously been there a long time as brush as grown up all around it. We cleared out the growth blocking the rickety door and opened it. Inside was a wooden crate, with, yes, TNT printed but faded on the side. Inside the crate we found a stack of about 20 or so porn mags. The pages were yellowed with age, and the dates ranged from the mid to late 60's. There was more bush to be found inside those pages than there was surrounding the shed! We looked through them for a while until it started to get dark, then left them there, intent to come back at a later date when we had something to carry them in (we did not want to carry the entire box). About a week later we returned, only to find that the box was empty! Did the owner of the shack see it had been disturbed and removed the evidence? Or did we upset the spirit of some deceased gold miner by disturbing his stash of porn? Guess we will never know....but all I can think of whenever I remember this story is that somewhere a phantasmic, bearded miner, stuck eternally between here and the ever-after, wanking off to his collection of old porno mags in The Quiet of the woods...

Curt F

I LOVE THE IDEA OF A STINKY OL' PROSPECTOR HAVING TO HAUL HIS LITERAL SPANK BANK INTO AN OLD, ABANDONED MINE SHAFT BECAUSE A COUPLE OF ASSHOLE KIDS WERE A-DIGGIN' IN HIS LADY CRATE.

ALSO I IMAGINED IT BEING INSIDE A WOOD BARREL AND NOT A CRATE, THAT'S A BETTER MENTAL IMAGE.

I am wildly upset that you saw a box that said TNT on it and thought you should open it AND were rewarded for doing so with wonderful porno. For shame! We shouldn't even be printing this letter! Kids read this comic, man! -CZ

•

I always find some of the best advice in your column, so maybe this time I'll seek it.

My partner and I have been through a rough patch both due to our own issues and bigger stresses separately in our lives. We have been together less than a year, and the sex has already gone from multiple times a day/as much as possible to... I don't know... Once every few months? When we first started it was like finding a partner who finally "got" the other, as a couple of genderqueers. Now it's like we don't even know each other's bodies at all anymore.

I think for them they need to build trust in our relationships stability again before they will feel safe being intimate again. For me, I'm having a hard time feeling safe without any kind of intimacy. It feels like we are floating in a weird zone where we are in a relationship and can sort of support each other again but they can barely even kiss me. I feel nervous and on egg shells all the time, which I know doesn't help them feel the safety they need to open up physically again... Which makes me feel more nervous... Etc etc.

What do I do? I've thought about maybe just taking a break entirely for a little while... "Dating" and seeing if something grows again. But is that even a real though? Do breaks ever work? I don't want to risk losing something that was really special to me.

Sincerely,
Mx. Jackpots

HAVE YOU TALKED TO THEM THE WAY YOU TALKED TO THIS COMIC BOOK?

IT'S HARD. ALL OF IT IS HARD. I FUCKING GET IT. AND, LIKE -- I'M IN GODDAMN THERAPY FOUR TIMES A WEEK, THIS IS THE THING THAT'S EVERYTHING, Y'KNOW?

BE OPEN, HONEST, VULNERABLE, PATIENT, KIND -- BE TENDER. AS MUCH AS YOU WERE IN THE ABOVE. AND IT IS HARD AND IT IS SCARY AND IT IS AWFUL. WE'VE TAUGHT OURSELVES THAT BEING TENDER MEANS WEAKNESS, THAT BEING TENDER EXPOSES OUR SOFTEST PARTS, THAT BEING TENDER CAN ONLY LEAD TO CRUELTY, MOCKERY, DERISION, REJECTION. BUT BEING TENDER IS THE KEY TO EVERYTHING. AND IF IT DOESN'T WORK OUT, YOU WILL KNOW YOU GAVE YOUR ALL AND HELD NOTHING BACK. YOU LEFT NOTHING UNSAID OR UNSPOKEN AND EVEN IF YOU TREMBLED, YOU LET THE VERY BEST PARTS OF YOU BE SEEN AND HEARD. IT'S MAYBE ALL ANY OF US CAN DO.

SEX TIP *Sometimes people are shy about their bodies, so be sure to let them know during sex that it's not as bad as they think it is.*

I'M LOATH TO USE WORDS LIKE "YOU" AND "BE" AND "IS" WHEN I'M TRYING TO ANSWER THIS STUFF SERIOUSLY, BUT IN THIS CASE I FEEL OKAY ABOUT IT. BECAUSE I THINK THIS IS A TRUTH FOR EVERYONE: FIND TENDERNESS.

I agree with Matt because he is the kindest, most empathetic man I know. See? I can be tender too! -CZ

•

What are other sexy numbers other than 69?

Nick R

3 KINDA LOOK LIKE SIDEWAY BOOP0S?

The sexiest number is TWO because it takes two to make a thing go right, but also THREE or FOUR because I need a weird amount of penetration anyway take care -CZ

•

1. Whats the best way to get over a break up?

2. How long should I wait before dating someone else?

3.what graphic novels do recommend that aren't superhero based that you guys haven't written or illustrated?

Orlando G

1. I DON'T KNOW
2. I DON'T KNOW
3. I DON'T KNOW

1. I found that sex was the best way to get over a break-up. Or anything that helps make you feel desired. Like catfishing? Maybe try some catfishing? Is that bad advice? I don't know. I didn't even properly read your next two questions.

2. seven inches

3. batman

-CZ

•

Good day,

I discovered some of your music online, and hope it's alright to contact you this way.

I'm an A&R representative at SRL Networks in London, an artist relations company representing independent musicians and labels around the world. We are looking for new music for our radio network, music licensing catalog and artist promotion roster, and I'd like to invite you to audition.

Subject to a successful audition, SRL Networks will get your independent releases heard by entertainment industry professionals and fans around the world, and help facilitate music licensing and distribution deals, live events bookings, record label and music publisher deals and more. You will receive a detailed agreement once your audition has been successful.

You can find out more about us at www.skunkradiolive.com/backstage and find out how to submit music and obtain your audition ticket at www.skunkradiolive.com/auditions

Please do get in touch, it would be a pleasure to hear from you.

--
Kind regards,
Steve

General Manager
Skunk Radio Live

HI STEVE THANKS FOR YOUR INTEREST IN OUR HOT TUNES AND GREASY FUNK STYLINGS. SKUNK RADIO LIVE SOUNDS LIKE THE PERFECT "OPPO" (OPPORTUNITY) FOR CHIP AND ME TO GET OUR "JAMS" (SONGS) HEARD BY THE REST OF THE WORLD.

UNFORTUNATELY, WE ARE PART OF A DOOMSDAY-SUICIDE SEX CULT, AND OUR NEXT "RELEASE" (JAM) WILL BE AUDIO OF OUR AUTOEROTIC MURDER-SUICIDE ("GLIDE N' 'CIDE"). AT BEST A SINGLE/7" (18 CM) AND THE END OF TWO BEAUTIFUL CAREERS.

DON'T TELL OUR MOMS PLEASE!

No no chum you beautiful fucking fool this our big WIDE WIENER break -CZ

•

I've been having some confusing feelings about my sexuality. I find that when I like someone as a friend, I become incredibly attracted to them, even guys. Ignoring the terrible minefield of Being Attracted to Friends, when I tried to explore this side of myself with reading and conversations and gay porn, I quickly realized that I'm not very into the actual meat and potatoes (if you will) of the situation. When I try and picture exactly HOW I'm attracted to someone or WHAT I imagine doing, it's this really nebulous, fleeting image. Is this some next level repression or is it common to want to platonically kiss your bros?

-Bi-confused in the Bible Belt

MAYBE FIND A GUY YOU CAN MAKE OUT WITH A LITTLE? A BRO YOU CAN KISS BECAUSE

SEX TIP *Feeling sexually frustrated? Jerk off a banana! Just trust me!*

HE WANTS YOU TO KISS HIM? AND THEN GO FROM THERE?

Yeah, I made out with a decent handful of dudes before I was like, enh, not for me. No harm, no foul. We're all on our own sexual journeys. Just don't lead anyone on unless that's their fetish!! -CZ

•

When I was in high school my brother worked as a maintenance man at a large hotel chain. He would tell me how, when he would replace mattresses in rooms, he would regularly find porn hidden under the mattresses, presumably for other travelers to find. Like porn geocaching.

Fast forward a few years later, and I'm returning to a hotel room outside of Pittsbugh, disappointed that Morrissey cancelled his show that night due to rain. It was the only reason why I was there and had nothing else to do. So I looked under the mattress.

Wouldn't you know it, there was a full porn mag stashed there, just waiting to make my night a little better. I took it home. It was better than a concert shirt anyway.

Also: the first time I got felt up by a girl was in 8th grade while the class watched The Neverending Story. She had her hand in the pocket of my shorts and on my erection, and I didn't know what to do. Luck dragon, indeed. Does that get it added to the list?

Finally, a question: what's your take on sex addiction? Or sex and love addiction? Is that something you might deal with in the future? Given the subject matter and the characters we've met, I could see a few potential directions...

Anyway, thanks again for the wonderful, thoughtful, funny, and profane book. You guys are the bestest.

Mark G

WOW, THIS LETTER HAS A LOT TO GIVE.

I'VE NEVER FOUND ANYTHING LIKE THAT IN A HOTEL ROOM, BUT ONE YEAR IN COLLEGE I BORROWED A PORN TAPE FROM A PAL, BUT THEN LEFT THAT PORNO TAPE IN THE VCR IN MY DORM ROOM AND WHEN I CAME BACK FROM BREAK IT WAS GONE. THE ONLY EXPLANATION? MAINTENANCE WAS RUBBING IT OUT TO *SUPERMODEL 2,* BY GOD. SORRY, SEAN!

OH WAIT, SEX AND LOVE ADDICTION. WELL... WELL, I THINK THAT'S A THING WE'RE KIND OF LOOKING AT NOW, AROUND THE EDGES ANYWAY. I THINK THAT'S A PART OF JON'S STORY RIGHT NOW. BEING A RECOVERING DRUNK AND JUNKIE MYSELF, I TEND TO WRITE ABOUT ADDICTION A LOT.

Can I just add: Morrissey cancelled that show due to rain? More like he cancelled it due to the rain falling from his face. Fuck that weird racist! Anyway, take care. -CZ

•

My girlfriend and I have been considering having sex in a public place. Where's the best place to bone down in public?

Keaton H

IN THE BUTT, KEATON.

The best place to have sex is in a department store, so you can get under the covers of a display bed and go to town. Customers and security will yell at you to stop, but no one will pull the sheets back for fear of what they'll find. And when you're done, get all your clothes on while under the covers and pretend like you didn't do anything. The smell will say otherwise, but are they going to arrest you with their only evidence being alleged sex funk? Anyway, take care. -CZ

•

Hi! This isn't a sex thing but whenever I do laundry my girlfriend likes it when I empty my laundry bag onto her while she lies on my bed. Doesn't even have to be warm from the drier, just a cavalcade of clean clothes cascading onto her. Again, not a sex thing. I think.

Is this what love is?

Josh T

YES. A LOVE OF LAUNDRY, WHITES WHITER, COLORS BOLDER, APRIL-FRESH AND DE-SOILED, CAPABLE OF SATISFYING YOUR GIRL IN A WAY YOU, WITH YOUR FILTHY UNFOLDED MICROBES, COULD NEVER HOPE TO ACHIEVE.

Look, your girlfriend being covered in clean laundry may not be a sex thing, but me reading that letter IS, sorry. -CZ

•

Great community feel in the letters page and it's understandable that you protect your correspondents' privacy by using first name and initials only. But you know what, I write to lots of comics and this is probably the least embarrassing for me to admit to my non-comic friends and family that I write into. After all this comic about sex is more

SEX TIP *Ha ha you idiot my only fetish is making sexually frustrated people give bananas hand jobs and you fell right into my erotic trap*

relatable than most mainstream superhero fare. All of us have experienced sex, whether onanism, straight, gay, bi (fill in your own preference), but none of us has ever leapt tall buildings in a single bound, moved faster than a speeding bullet, been transformed by Gamma rays or the radioactive bite of a spider. So I'm relaxed about you printing my full name and address in Sex Criminals.

I'm looking forward to meeting Chip at the excellent Lakes Comic Art Festival in October. I'm hoping he can deface a few of my comics and draw me a Joker sketch.

Be seeing you,

Bruce Marsh
43 Clifton Road
Newbury Park
Ilford
Essex
England
IG2 7DG

WAIT THERE ARE OTHERS?

Barely. Also, some guy is clearly pranking his pal Bruce Marsh here, chum -CZ

•

I just wanted to let you know that the, 'found porn' phenomenon is not just limited to the woods. When I was 9 I lived in Nebraska and there were cornfields everywhere; even at the edge of my suburban neighborhood. One time my friends and I were playing in one of those cornfields when we came across a stash of porn. After our initial bafflement wore off, a fight broke out over who got to take it home. When the dust settled there were torn magazines everywhere. We laughed at the absurdity of it all, pumped up our Rebook pump shoes (it was 1990), and talked about how this would make us the coolest guys at school. Our cool factor at school got a tiny bump for a day which we quickly squandered by being our usual dorky selves.

Phil T

THE ONLY REASON I RAN THIS LETTER WAS THE SUBJECT HEADING READ "PORN IN THE CORN," WHICH WAS SO GOOD, BUT EVEN BEFORE I OPENED IT, I KNEW THERE WAS NO WAY IT COULD TRANSCEND THE PROMISE OF ITS PREMISE. GOOD TRY THOUGH PHIL GOOD TRY.

PORN IN THE CORN PUMP 'N' BUMP would've been really good too. -CZ

•

Sooo...I wrote in years ago. Issue 2. About my "man plunger and lady toilet" come on. Chip said call after the divorce so, hey Chip. Call me.

That said. The very last panel of issue 20 kinda killed me. But thank you.

Rose D.

GROSS

ffs she didn't even leave me her phone number -CZ

•

I once asked out a gentleman merely based on his name-tag (and looks, obv. shallow). He worked at a video store (this was in olden times) and he was cute, dark hair, glasses. His name tag said "Noel". Well, I was 16 or 17 and it didn't occur to me that it would be "Knoll". I thought it was "No-ell" and I thought that was charming. So, I gathered up the nerve to call the store, and ask him out. First clue should've been that he said yes to some rando girl asking him out, at work, over the phone. But he did and we went out on one date that was horrible. I gave him a second chance because I was trying to get back at someone and what the hell, right? Went to his house (parent's house) to watch a movie. Middle of the day, dude puts on Dead Ringers. I shit you not. Sexy times, right? So, I only remember bits n' pieces (ha) of it because we started making out, then he started exploring. He started fingering (god I hate that word, so let's say, "erotically digitally manipulating"?) me and then started escalating for more. I put a stop to it because goddamn, I have limits and between the tie dye, terrible date, nothing to talk about, and Dead Ringers, I was over it. Maybe he had a twin brother, Peace? Joy? Second Noel?, and putting on that creepy-ass Cronenberg was his way of telling me.

Anyway, I know this is too long to run, but maybe one of youse enjoyed it. I enjoyed writing it, so whatevs.

Jill E.!

THE ONLY REASON I RAN THIS LETTER WAS THE SUBJECT HEADING READ "I PUT MY CAT IN A ONESIE AND HE KIND OF LIKES IT."

BUT HEY, NOW THAT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT IT, IF EVER THERE WAS A RED FUCKING FLAG IN A RELATIONSHIP, IT'S A DUDE THAT WANTS TO WATCH *DEAD RINGERS* AND CHILL.

As bad as that other Cronenberg movie, THE FINGERING. -CZ

•

In college I dated a girl who asked for Butt stuff while we watched

SEX TIP *Remember, sex isn't a race, 'cause if it was, I'd be fucking COVERED in sponsor logos.*

Hook. I'll never look at Dustin Hoffman's fake teeth the same way again. Add it to the list!

-PP

HOOKBLE BRAG

•

So I just finished reading issue 20 and as usual I nearly cried. There are so many real, raw and (I really want this last word to start with an R to the sake of alliteration) and intimately personal relationships and discussions in this issue. One in particular was the inspiration for this email because it really meant a lot to me and came at just the right time (phrasing). The spread/scene in question is the one between the Doc and Ana (who I feel like might also be a doctor... I should read back and check... Yep. Totally a doctor too.). In the scene in question the docs are post-business and discussing Dave's need to make Ana cum. And as your comics is wont to do, it made me think about myself and a situation I am in.

I have always put a lot of focus and pressure on myself to perform in the bedroom. And my measure for how successful that performance was has always been based on the simple metric of did she or did she not cum. I have never considered this a selfish act since my aim here is to make the other person feel good. I mean that's why I do it right? So Dave's bemused look when Ana tells him he's doing it for him really hit home for me and I also "don't know if I agree with that". But regardless it made me think and I very much hope to see the two of them dealing with it in future issues.

The other part of the discussion is to do with Ana's difficulty reaching climax which we've known about for a while in the comic but has recently become something much more personal to me. I have reletively recently started a relationship with someone and we've had a few sexual encounters with one another of different sorts which seemed to be going well. However, in a recent heart-to-heart, emotional conversation she informed me that she has the same issue reaching climax as Ana. Meaning that contrary to what she'd let me believe, I have never got her all the way there. But then neither has anyone else. I was aware that some women have this difficulty but I'd never really known a partner to experience it.

And then of course this scene appears in Sex Crims less than a month later. And it's important. Like REALLY important that this stuff is there. I don't know how this thing is going to go because for me sex has been more about making my partner cum than cumming myself and I don't know how I deal with knowing that won't be the case. Academically I get it and I understand it and it's not a problem but when it comes to actually being in the throes of passion? Will I feel bad or like I've failed when she doesn't get there? Or will knowing make it easier to just be in the moment and not worry about performance? I simply don't know but I guess we'll see when we are together next (we don't live close so we are talking weeks or months). Crucially though, knowing that this is a discussion that others have and a thing that others deal with is going to help. And once again, your comic has made me aware of other ways of thinking about situations like this and given me an idea of how the other side may feel. So thank you. Keep this comic up and I will keep shouting about how good it is on public transport (and in other public places too I guess).

Thanks guys. Best comics series I've ever read.

Snknorffl 7

I would like to call bullshit on some of what Rae/Jasmine said in issue 20. Yes, I acknowledge that she has had some bad experiences. And it may be that Dave is not acting as well as he could/should. That said, she said some stuff that hit a hot button of mine and is rarely acknowledged, so that seemed like perfect letter column material.

If you're having sex with someone, yes, you should pay attention to the actual person you're with. If you do nothing but fill your head with fantasy imagery, that's a bad thing. But can we acknowledge that this is a spectrum, not a binary? If you can regularly have sex without EVER fantasizing or thinking about porn, then either

A) You have led a VERY sheltered life; or
B) You are a saint.

Most of us are not saints. Yes, mindfulness is great, and necessary to a healthy relationship. But demanding that there NOT be imaginary porn stars in bed with you is just as fucked-up as those people who demand that their spouse never look at another sexy person.

(Incidentally, this is one of those rare instances of sexual hangups coming from what is usually seen as the liberal side of the aisle. See also "simultaneous orgasms"; yeah, they're great, but they're not so great that you should think it a failure when they don't happen.)

Of course, it may be that you're planning to address this yourself, as R/J herself couldn't be bothered to correctly remember Dave's name. Was she talking to HIM, or to her IDEA of him (based on past sex partners who had hurt her)?

Obligatory woodsporn: I found

SEX TIP *If you're having sex and enjoying it, let your partner know by shooting him a quick text.*

---

some. No real story attached to the experience, though, sorry.

Alexx K

I'M DOING THAT THING WHERE I'M RUNNING TWO LETTERS BACK TO BACK BECAUSE I THINK THEY COMPLEMENT EACH OTHER AND ILLUSTRATE A LARGER TRUTH ABOVE AND BEYOND WHAT THEY DO INDEPENDENTLY OR WHAT I COULD DO ON MY OWN.

I THINK THE ONLY THING I'LL ADD IS THIS: THERE ARE RIGHT AND WRONG WAYS TO BE PRESENT IN THE BEDROOM, AND IT'S NOT NECESSARILY THE SAME WAY FOR ONE PERSON/ONE COUPLING AS IT IS ANOTHER.

I THINK ANA IS INDEED JUST AS GUILTY OF WHAT SHE ACCUSES DOC OF DOING, ALBEIT IN ANOTHER WAY. AS ALEXX POINTS OUT, IT IS ABSOLUTELY A SPECTRUM; AS FAYE K. NAYME 7 UP THERE POINTS OUT, MAYBE WE DON'T REALIZE IT'S A SPECTRUM UNTIL WE FIND OURSELVES ADRIFT WITHIN IT. AND ONCE WE SEE ONE OTHER FACET TO THINGS WE SEE A LOT, ALL AT ONCE, AND IT CAN STARTLE WITH ITS SUDDEN ENORMITY AND GRAVITY. SIMPLE THINGS COMPLEXIFYING DOESN'T MEAN AN UNSOLVABLE PROBLEM, I DON'T THINK, BUT AT THE SAME TIME, IT'S UNREALISTIC TO EXPECT OURSELVES OR ANYONE ELSE TO FAST-ADAPT? MAYBE?

I KNEW A GIRL THAT COULD HAVE AN ORGASM JUST TAKING OFF HER PANTS IN ADVANCE OF HAVING SEX. THAT MADE SEX A PECULIAR KIND OF PROPOSITION. I KNEW A GIRL THAT HAD NEVER HAD AN ORGASM, EVER, WITH ANYONE, HERSELF INCLUDED, ME INCLUDED, AND WE HAD A LONG RELATIONSHIP TOGETHER. OUR SEX LIFE BECAME VERY DIFFERENT THAN THE SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS I'VE HAD BEFORE OR AFTER BECAUSE OF THAT. IT TOOK ME A WHILE TO GET MY MIND RIGHT WITH HER, AS IT WERE, AND TO BE A PART OF THE MUTUAL EXPERIENCE RATHER THAN LIVING IN MY OWN HEAD AND BED.

NOT FOR ANYTHING, I THINK PORN TEACHES THROUGH REPETITION IF NOTHING ELSE THAT REAL SEX AND CAMERA SEX ARE THE SAME THING. I THINK IN MEN THIS EXTENSION OF TOXIC MASCULINITY TRAPS AND DESTROYS GOOD THINGS BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO FLOURISH, AND TO WOMEN THAT TRAP TURNS INTO A GATEWAY LEADING TO RAPE CULTURE AND ALL THE REST -- A WAY BIGGER CONVERSATION THAN I'M QUALIFIED TO HAVE, LET ALONE IN A LETTER COLUMN, BUT: THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A GUY HAVING SEX WITH A PORN STAR THE WAY HE THINKS PORN STARS HAVE SEX AND THE REAL PERSON IN BED WITH HIM FEELING HORRIBLE BECAUSE OF IT. AND THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT TWO PEOPLE SO STARTLINGLY ATTRACTED TO THEIR MUTUAL INTELLECTS THAT IT OVERWHELMS THEIR MAYBE-OBVIOUS SEXUAL INCOMPATIBILITIES, LIKE GETTING FINGERBLASTED BY A DUDE THAT WANTS TO WATCH *DEAD RINGERS* AND CUDDLE.

THAT KIND OF PATHOS AND DISCONNECT I CAN WRITE ABOUT. IN THOSE MISSED CONNECTIONS THERE IS SOMETHING PAINFUL AND TRUE AND REVEALING AND REAL. AND HEY, MAYBE NOT EVERY RELATIONSHIP IN THIS BOOK IS GONNA WORK OUT. AND MAYBE OUR IDEAS/THE CHARACTERS' IDEAS ABOUT SEX IS ONE OF THE REASONS WHY.

THESE ARE BOTH INCREDIBLE AND HONEST LETTERS, AND THANK YOU FOR SENDING THEM IN.

ALSO, A "MEL J. Y." WROTE A TREMENDOUS LETTER THAT I WANT TO ADDRESS, BUT IT'S REALLY FUCKING HEAVY AND REALLY FUCKING LONG SO, NEXT ISSUE, I PROMISE, MEL AND I WILL WORK TOGETHER TO BRING YOU ALLLL THE FUCK DOWN.

BYE

NEXT TIME!

OUR TWENTY-SECOND ISSUE! SEE WHAT CAN HAPPEN FIVE ISSUES AFTER THE SEVENTEENTH ISSUE, AND THRILL BY HOW IMPOSSIBLE ALL THIS FELT NINE ISSUES AGO. AND: YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE THE DIFFERENCE ELEVEN ISSUES MAKES BETWEEN ISSUE TWENTY-TWO AND ISSUE ELEVEN.

FOR MATURE READERS DUH

IMAGECOMICS.COM

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IF YOU STARTED READING THIS BOOK IN 2013 WITH ISSUE ONE AT THE AGE OF 14 THEN CONGRATULATIONS YOU CAN NOW LEGALLY READ IT